The diſeaſed maiden Lover:

Being a pleaſant new Song, to an Excellent New Tune,
Or, may be ſung to the Tune of, Bonny Nell.

As I went forth one Summers day,
To view the Meddows freſh and gay,
A pleaſant Bower I eſpy'd,
Standing hard by a Rivers ſide.
And in't I heard a Mayden cry,
Alas there's none e're lov'd like I.
I couched cloſe to hear her moan,
With many a ſad and grievous groan,
And wiſht that I had been the wight
That might have bred her hearts delight:
But theſe were all the words that ſhe
did ſtill repeat, none loves like me.
Then round the Meddowes did ſhe walk,
Catching the Flower by the ſtalk,
Such as within the Meddows grew,
As Dead-mans thumb and Hare-bell blew.
and as ſhe pluckt them ſtill cry'd ſhe,
alas there's none e're lov'd like me.
A bed therein ſhe made to lye,
Of fine green things that grew faſt by,
Of Poplers and Willow leaves,
Of Sicamore and Flaggy ſheaves:
and as ſhe pluckt them, &c.
The little Lark-foot ſhe'd not paſs,
Nor yet the Flowers of three-leav'd graſs
With Milk-maids Hony-ſuckles phraſe
The Crows-foot, nor the yellow Craiſe:
and as ſhe pluckt them, &c.
The pretty Daſie which doth ſhew
Her love to Phœbus, bred her woe,
Who joys to ſee his cheerful face,
And mourns when he is not in place:
alack, a'ack, alack, quoth ſhe,
there's none that ever Lov'd like me.
The Flowers of the ſweeteſt ſcent,
She bound them round with knotted Bent,
And as ſhe laid them ſtill in bands,
She wept, ſhe wail'd and wrung her hands
alas, alas, alas, &c.
False man, quoth ſhe, forgive thee heaven,
As I do wiſh my ſins forgiven,
In bleſt Elezium I ſhall ſleep,
When thou with periur'd ſouls ſhalt weep.
Who when they liv'd, did like to thee,
That lov'd their loves as thou doſt me.
When ſhe had fil'd her Apron full,
Of ſuch ſweet Flowers as ſhe could cull,
The green leaves ſerv'd for a bed,
The Flowers pillows for her head:
Then down ſhe lay ne'r more did ſpeak,
Alas, with Love her heart did break.

FINIS.

The Wand'ring Virgin.

The diſeaſed maiden Lover:

Being a pleaſant new Song, to an Excellent New Tune,
Or, may be ſung to the Tune of, Bonny Nell.

As I went forth one Summers day,
To view the Meddows freſh and gay,
A pleaſant Bower I eſpy'd,
Standing hard by a Rivers ſide.
And in't I heard a Mayden cry,
Alas there's none e're lov'd like I.
I couched cloſe to hear her moan,
With many a ſad and grievous groan,
And wiſht that I had been the wight
That might have bred her hearts delight:
But theſe were all the words that ſhe
did ſtill repeat, none loves like me.
Then round the Meddowes did ſhe walk,
Catching the Flower by the ſtalk,
Such as within the Meddows grew,
As Dead-mans thumb and Hare-bell blew.
and as ſhe pluckt them ſtill cry'd ſhe,
alas there's none e're lov'd like me.
A bed therein ſhe made to lye,
Of fine green things that grew faſt by,
Of Poplers and Willow leaves,
Of Sicamore and Flaggy ſheaves:
and as ſhe pluckt them, &c.
The little Lark-foot ſhe'd not paſs,
Nor yet the Flowers of three-leav'd graſs
With Milk-maids Hony-ſuckles phraſe
The Crows-foot, nor the yellow Craiſe:
and as ſhe pluckt them, &c.
The pretty Daſie which doth ſhew
Her love to Phœbus, bred her woe,
Who joys to ſee his cheerful face,
And mourns when he is not in place:
alack, a'ack, alack, quoth ſhe,
there's none that ever Lov'd like me.
The Flowers of the ſweeteſt ſcent,
She bound them round with knotted Bent,
And as ſhe laid them ſtill in bands,
She wept, ſhe wail'd and wrung her hands
alas, alas, alas, &c.
False man, quoth ſhe, forgive thee heaven,
As I do wiſh my ſins forgiven,
In bleſt Elezium I ſhall ſleep,
When thou with periur'd ſouls ſhalt weep.
Who when they liv'd, did like to thee,
That lov'd their loves as thou doſt me.
When ſhe had fil'd her Apron full,
Of ſuch ſweet Flowers as ſhe could cull,
The green leaves ſerv'd for a bed,
The Flowers pillows for her head:
Then down ſhe lay ne'r more did ſpeak,
Alas, with Love her heart did break.

FINIS.

The Wand'ring Virgin.

The Faithleſs Lover.

To the ſame Tune.

WHen I had ſeen this Virgins end,
I ſorrowed as became a friend,
And wept to ſee that ſuch a Maid
Should be by faithleſs love betrap'd:
But woe I fear will come to thee,
That was not true in Love as ſhe.
The birds did ceaſe their harmony,
The harmleſs Lambs did ſeem to cry,
The Flowers they did hang their head,
The flower of Maidens being dead;
Whoſe Life by death is now ſet free,
and none did love more dear then ſhe.
The bubbling brooks did ſeem to moan,
And eccheos from the Vallies did groan,
Diana's Nymphs did ring her knell,
And to their Queen the ſame did tell:
Who vowed by her chaſtitie,
That none ſhould take revenge but ſhe.
When as I ſaw her corps were cold,
I to her Lover went and told,
What chance unto this Maid befell,
Who ſaid I am glad ſhe ſped ſo well:
Do you think that I ſo fond would be,
To love no Maid but onely ſhe.
I was not made for one alone,
I take delight to hear them moan;
When one is gone, I will have more,
That man is rich that hath moſt store.
I bondage hate, I muſt live free,
And not be ty'd to ſuch as ſhe.

O Sir remember then (quoth I)
The power of Heavens All-ſeeing eye;
Who doth remember vows forgot,
Though you deny you know it not:
Call to your mind this maiden free,
The which was wrong'd by none but thee.
Quoth he, I have a love more fair,
Beſides, ſhe is her fathers heir,
A bonny Laſs doth pleaſe my mind,
That unto me is wondrous kind:
Her will I love, and none but ſhe,
Who ſtill ſhall welcome be to me.
Falſe-minded man that ſo would prove,
Diſloyal to thy deareſt love,
Who at her death for thee did pray,
And wiſht thee many a happy day:
I would my Love would but love me,
Even half ſo well as ſhe lov'd thee.
Fair Maidens will example take,
Young men will curſe thee for her ſake,
They'l ſtop their ears unto our plaints,
And call us Divels ſeeming Saints:
They'l ſay to day that we are kind,
To morrow of another mind.

FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.

The diſeaſed Maiden Louer.

Being a pleaſant new court Song: To an excellent new tune.
Or to be ſung to the tune of *Bonny Nell.*

As I went forth one Summers day,
To view the Meddowes freſh and gay,
A pleaſant Bower I eſpi'd,
Standing hard by a Riuers ſide:
And in't I heard a Mayden cry,
alas, there's none ere lou'd like I.

I couched cloſe to heare her moane,
With many a beauie groane,
And wiſht that I had bene the wight,
That might haue hired her hearts delight:
but theſe were all the words that ſhe,
did ſtill repeat, none loues like me.

Then round the Meddowes did ſhe walke,
Catching each flower by the ſtalke,
Such as within the Meddowes grew,
As Dead-mans thumbe, and Hare-bell blue:
and as ſhe pluckt them, ſtill cryde ſhe,
alas, there's none ere lou'd like me.

A bed therein ſhe made to lie:
Of fiue greene things that grew faſt by,
Of Poplers, and of Willow leaues,
Of Sicamore and Flaggy ſheaues:
and as ſhe pluckt them, ſtill cryde ſhe,
alas, there's none ere lou'd like me.

The little Lark-foote ſhe'd not paſſe,
Nor yet the flowers of Three-leau'd graſſe,
With Pilkemayds Honny Succles phraiſe,
The Crowes foot, nor the yellow Crayſe,
and as ſhe pluckt them, ſtill cride ſhe,
alas, there's none ere lou'd like me.

The pretty Daſie which doth ſhew
Her loue to Phœbus, bred her woe,
Who loues to ſee his cheerefull face,
And mournes when he is not in place,
alacke, alacke, alacke, quoth ſhe,
there's none that euer lou'd like me.

The Flowers of the ſweeteſt ſent,
She bound them round with knotted Bent,
And as ſhe layd them ſtill in bands,
She wept, ſhe wayl'd, and wrung her hands,
alas, alas, alas, quoth ſhe,
there's none that euer lou'd like me.

False man, quoth ſhe, forgiue thee heauen,
As I doe wiſh my ſinnes forgiuen,
In bleſt Elizium I ſhall ſleepe,
When thou with periur'd ſoules ſhalt weep
who when they liu'd, did like to thee,
that lou'd their Loues as thou doſt mee.

When ſhe had filld her Apron full,
Of ſuch ſweet Flowers as ſhe could cull,
The greene leaues ſeru'd her for a Bed,
The Flowers pillowes for her head,
Then down ſhe lay, ne're more did ſpeake,
alas, with lone her heart did breake.

FINIS.

Printed at London for I. Wright.